

American Cities.

NEW-YORK is the most bustling; Philadelphia the most symmetrical; Baltimore the most picturesque; and Washington the most bewildering.

At New-York you pass hours with delight under the trees on that beautiful breezy promenade, which the good taste of the citizens has preserved at the extreme point of their island. You follow the example of more illustrious travellers in doing justice to the ample tables of your hotel or friends, not forgetting to pass judgment on rock fish, American oysters, and above all, on shad fish, if in season. You enjoy many a stroll along the gay and cheerful pavement of Broadway, the principal street, running for miles through the heart of the city, with its handsome edifices, shops, and public buildings. You admire the commodious disposition of the interior of family mansions, with their folding-doors, clean cool, indian-matted floors, and the groups of pretty faces by which they are adorned. You marvel at the incessant bustle and proofs of flourishing commerce visible in all the narrower streets devoted to business, diverging right and left toward the North and East rivers, and on the crowded slips and wharves. You step into a steamboat, and cross over to Brooklyn, or to the Jersey shore, where you may immediately bury yourself in the delicious walks of Hoboken, where the squirrel climbs as free, and apparently as undisturbed among the grape-vines, as in the depths of the forest. You glance up the Hudson, which laves the grassy margin of the promenade, and see him walled in by the perpendicular palisadoes and green shores of Manhattan Island, covered with sloops and steamers—and own that in your brightest moment of fancy, you never dreamed of the creation of an equally glorious river or a city whose position is more strongly marked by all those characteristics which are desirable in a great commercial emporium.

At Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love," you are struck with the regularity of the streets—their numberless handsome mansions—the lavish use of white and gray marble—pleasant avenues and squares—noble public institutions—markets—the abundance of water—and the general attention to dress visible in every one you meet. As in New-York and Baltimore, you are

surprised with the great proportion of handsome female faces, and delicately moulded forms which crowd the public walks and saloons, like so many sweet fresh May flowers. You make the usual visits right or left, dictated by taste or reverence; including the romantic scene at Fairmount, and the spot where the celebrated treaty was concluded between Penn and the Delawares; and you taste that hospitality and frank unostentatious kindness which the American ever offers to a stranger who conducts himself courteously.

At Baltimore, "the city of monuments," snugly sheltered within its deep bay, and rising from an oblong basin of the Patapsco toward the amphitheatre of wooded hills on the west, you marvel to hear how, from a period of time within the memory of some yet living, the small village of a dozen houses has sprung up into a large capital, overspreading an extended area, abounding with noble public and private edifices, and possessing an increasing commerce with every port under the sun. You admire the neat style of building—the bustle of the bay—the beauty of the shipping—and the lovely scenery in the environs. You welcome a southern climate in the perfume of many odorous flowers, and, more than all, the delightful society for which Maryland is pre-eminent—frank, polished, and unaffected.

At Washington, "the city of magnificent distances," with the haste and eagerness of a new comer you visit the lions—ascend to the capitol—criticise its architecture, whether properly authorized to do so or not—listen to the proceedings in either house for an hour or two—pay your respects to the president—visit the country seat and grave of our great and good opponent, Washington. You plan but do not execute, an excursion to the Falls of the Potomac—get more and more bewildered with the study of the city, which seems to have been contrived with an eye for the especial advantage of the hackney coachmen—get squeezed out of all equanimity at a presidential levee—retain your appetite, but lose your patience at a scrambling dinner at Gadsby's hotel—and finally retrace your steps to Baltimore, as we did, with a resolution not to return to Washington till there should be a less suffocating heat in the places of public resort, less dust in Pennsylvania avenue, more water in the Tiber, and more elbow-room in the hotels.

I have, however, no hesitation in saying, that our first impressions of America were every way pleasing, both as to men and things. We saw the country and the society under the best auspices; and the season at which we made our first journey, was also one which naturally incited us to contented enjoyment.

In returning northward, we made a halt of a fortnight in Baltimore and its neighbourhood.—Many of the country-seats which stud the environs upon the upland slope, at various points and distances from the city, are singularly well-situated and tastefully arranged; and I look back with unalloyed gratification to the hours spent among them, and the hospitality there enjoyed. Rural fetes are ordinarily given in these villas at this beautiful season of the year, when every tree and shrub appears in its freshest green,

and every natural object in cities to amusement and recreation.—*Littre's Travels.*

Battle of Plattsburg.

THE enemy soon advanced up the shores of the Lake to the River Saranac, at the mouth of which stands the village of Plattsburg, backed and flanked by the forest, whose dark interminable line it sweetly breaks with its neat and cheerful dwellings, overlooking the silver bosom of a circular bay, which receives the waters of the river. Continual skirmishes now took place between the enemy and the flying parties of militia, seven hundred of which soon collected from the surrounding forests. The State of Vermont poured forth her mountaineers. Scattering through a mountainous country, it might be thought difficult to collect the scanty population; but the cry of invasion echoes from hill to hill, from village to village. Some caught their horses from the plough; others ran off on foot, leaving their herds in the pasture, and scarce exchanging a parting blessing with their wives and mothers, as they handed them their muskets.

"From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his band,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men.
They met as torrents from the height,
In highland dale their streams unite;
And gathering as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

Their guns on their shoulders, a powder flask at their sides, sometimes a ration in their pockets, crowd after crowd poured into Burlington; and all, as a friend who witnessed the scene described it to me, "came on a run, whether on their legs, or on their horses."

The beautiful little town of Burlington covers the breast of a hill on the opposite shore, and somewhat higher up the lake than Plattsburg. Here every boat and canoe were put in requisition; troop after troop hurried to the shore, and as the scattered crowds poured into Plattsburg, they collected in lines on the Saranac to resist the passage of the enemy, or struck into the woods, with orders to harass their rear.

The fleet was not equipped and when that of the enemy appeared in sight, moored across the entrance of the bay. With such breathless ulacrity had the Americans prepared to meet the encounter, that one of the vessels which then entered the action had been built and equipped in the short space of a fortnight. Eighteen days previous to the engagement, the timber of which it had been constructed, had been actually growing in the forest upon the shores of the lake!

The British flotilla, under the command of

Capt. Downie, mounted 95 guns, and upwards of four thousand men; the Americans, under Commodore M'Donough, eight hundred men. The first exchange of cannon between the fleets, was the signal of the armies on land. A desperate conflict ensued. The British, with daring bravery, twice attempted to force the brigades, and twice were driven back. Then, filing up the river, a detachment attempted to ford, but here a volley of musquetry suddenly assailed them from the woods, and forced them to retreat with loss.

The issue of the day was left by both parties to depend upon the naval engagement then raging in the sight of both armies.—Many an anxious glance was cast upon the waters by those stationed near the shore.—For two hours the conflict remained doubtful; the vessels on either side were stripped of their sails and rigging; reeling hulks, they still gave and received the shocks that threatened to submerge them. The vessel of the American Commodore was twice on fire, her cannon dismounted, and her sides leaking. The enemy was in the same condition.

The battle for a moment seemed a draw one, when both attempted a manoeuvre that was to decide the day. With infinite difficulty, the American ship veered about—the enemy attempted the same in vain. A fresh fire poured upon her, and she struck. A shout then awoke upon the shore, and ringing along the lines, swelled, for a moment, above the roar of the battle. For a short space, the British efforts relaxed; but then, as if nerved, rather than dismayed by misfortune, the experienced veterans stood their ground, and continued the fight until darkness constrained its suspension.

The little town of Burlington, during the busy scene, displayed a far different, but not less interesting scene. All occupations were interrupted, the anxious inhabitants lining the heights, and straining their eyes and ears to catch some signal that might speak of the fate of a combat on which so much depended.

The distant firing and smoke told when the fleets were engaged. The minutes and the hours dragged on heavily; hopes and fears alternately prevailed, when at length the cannonading suddenly ceased; but still nothing could be distinguished across the vast waters, save the last wreath of smoke that died away, and that life, honor and property were lost or saved.

Not a sound was heard: the citizens looked at each other without speaking: women and children wandering along the beach, with many of the Vermont troops, who had continued to drop in during the day, but found no means of crossing the lake. Every

boat was on the other shore, and all were still too busy there to ferry over tidings of the naval combat. The evening fell, and still no moving speck appeared upon the waters. A dark night, heavy with fogs, closed in, and some with saddened hearts sought their homes, while others still lingered, hearkening at every breath, pacing to and fro distractedly, and wildly imagining all the probable and possible causes which might occasion this suspense. Were they defeated—some would have taken to the boats: were they successful—some would have burned to bring the tidings. At eleven at night a shout broke in darkness from the waters. It was of triumph. Was it from friends or enemies? Again it broke louder; it was recognised and re-echoed by the listeners on the beach, and swelled up the hill, and "Victory! victory!" rang through the village. I could not describe the scene as it was described to me; but you will suppose how the blood eddied from the heart; young and old ran about frantic; how they laughed, wept, and sung and wept again. In half an hour the town was in a blaze of light.—*New England Review.*

Boston Pearl.

Albany Bouquet and Literary Spectator (1835-1835); Jun 13, 1835; 1, 5; ProQuest
pg. 39

Boston Pearl.- 'This is the most valuable weekly publication that we are receiving. It is devoted to literature and the fine arts; and each number contains a piece of music, for the Piano. The writers for its columns are favorably known to the reading community. We feel confident that it needs but to be examined, to warrant it an extensive circulation among us.

Numbers can be seen at the General Agency Office, No. 4 Webster's Row, North Pearl-street, where subscriptions are also received.

The Siamcse.—'This is the last day of these interesting strangers at the Museum.

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BOW-STREET.

Yesterday, a tall young Irishman, named *William Little*, was brought before Mr. Minshull and Mr. Halls, by Ledbitter, on a warrant, charged with sending threatening letters to Rowland Alston, Esq. of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, a magistrate for Middlesex.

The defendant had lived for a considerable time in the service of Mr. Alston, as footman, and conducted himself, in general, with propriety, but he had the misfortune to have rather a pleasing voice, and so high an opinion of his own talents in the singing way, that he was constantly practising (sometimes to the great annoyance of the family, for he was not nice in choosing his hours), and as constantly boasting, that if he could once make his powers known, he should speedily rise to eminence in the musical and theatrical world. 'Oh,' he would often say to Susan the housemaid, 'if I could but have an opportunity of exhibiting before Mr. Kenble or Mr. Elliston, or Tom Cooke, or any other great men, just to give them a specimen of my powerful pretensions to public favour, how glad would they be at once to patronize me, and bring me, in time, before a London audience. To be sure, I have not the power of Braham, but then I know I have all the sweetness of Sinclair; and could I but have the means of cultivating my talent, what a great man I might become in a little time!' 'Lord, William,' said Susan, and the other servants, who did all they could to discourage his ambition, 'why you are singing and music mad, sure, a'n't you. You sing a fair song, to be sure, to please the like of us; but you'll never do for the play-house, depend upon it.' William however, was not to be 'damned with faint praise,' and he went on singing almost from morning till night, and lamenting the want of opportunity to bring himself into notice. At length, about twelve months ago, he left the service of Mr. Alston, who, notwithstanding the defendant's folly in one particular, had a very good opinion of him, and gave him £5 over and above his wages when he went away. The defendant received a good character from Mr. Alston, and soon procured another situation; but he did not keep it long—the 'stage-stricken hero' could not endure the vile drudgery of a footman's life for any length of time, and he gave up his place in disgust. From that moment he began to tease Mr. Alston with letters, soliciting his patronage and influence in getting him on the metropolitan stage, and occasionally requesting pecuniary assistance. Mr. Alston soon got tired of noticing these applications, when the defendant commenced writing in a different strain; hinting that, unless his demands were complied with, he should disturb the peace of Mr. Alston's family most materially. In addition to several letters, containing even plainer threat, than this, he wrote to a gentleman in Grosvenor-square, a particular friend of Mr. Alston's, stating that he should be very sorry to create confusion and dismay in the family of the latter gentleman, but he should feel himself obliged to do so, unless he came forward and lent him his influence and support. He wanted, he said, first of all, to procure a provincial engagement, and Mr. Alston ought to supply him with 50*l.* to support him decently until he could be ushered to the London boards. At length his threats became of so unequivocal a nature, that Mr. Alston thought it necessary to seek protection from the law, against the meditated violence of the defendant; and a warrant was issued from this office for his apprehension.

The defendant, in answer to the charge, repeated all the nonsense before-mentioned about his great vocal powers, the loss the public would sustain if he were not brought forward, and the obligation there was upon Mr. Alston to do all he could to promote his views.

Mr. Minshull asked the defendant if he had any friends, and he replied in the negative. He had no relations in the world. He was born at Waterford. He did not remember his father and mother. He did not know when or where they died, or if they were dead. He did not know when he left Ireland. He knew he was an Irishman, because he was born in Ireland.

All the defendant's answers were evidently evasive. He went on to say, that Mr. Alston had denied that he possessed any qualifications for the theatrical stage, but had pronounced him exceedingly well adapted for the prize-ring, and had offered to back him if he should fight.

Mr. Alston laughed, and declared that he had never said any such thing.

Mr. Minshull earnestly endeavoured to convince the foolish fellow that he was labouring under a delusion, but it was in vain, and he was ordered to find bail; Mr. Minshull observing, that in consideration of the defendant's situation in life, he should only call upon him for his own recognizance in 40*l.* and two sureties in 20*l.* each to keep the peace.

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND NEW-BRUNSWICK.

As this is one of the several important subjects now under discussion between Great Britain and the United States; and as it is, perhaps, the most important of all those topics from the lawless violence and outrage committed on the frontier last year, and other causes—we are induced to pay the subject some attention. For the better comprehension of this intricate matter, we present our readers with a map of the whole territory, marking that part which is actually in dispute as well as the respective lines claimed by each party.

It is of course generally known that commissioners were appointed under the treaty of Ghent to ascertain and establish the boundaries between the British North American possessions and the United States, in conformity to the principles, and to the true intent and meaning of the treaty of 1783; and that these commissioners have been many years engaged in the laborious discharge of their duties. We shall confine ourselves to that commission acting under the 5th article of the treaty of Ghent, and to that part of the boundary between the state of Maine and the province of New Brunswick.

The subject will be better understood by copying the 2d article of the treaty of 1783, which the treaty of Ghent intends to carry into effect. It is as follows:

'And that all disputes which might arise in future, on the subject of the boundaries of the U. States, may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are and shall be their boundaries, viz: From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river,' &c.

The British and American commissioners had no difficulty in ascertaining the source of the St. Croix river, nor in running a line due north as far as Mars Hill, but they differ most essentially as to the position of the *highlands* meant by the treaty, and which difference involves a territory of 10,000 square miles, together with the Madawaska and some other fine settlements, hitherto supposed to be on the British side.

It is a fact that there are no very prominent highlands throughout the whole of that part of the country, if by highlands a connected link of mountains be meant. The chain of mountains laid down in most of the American maps, as designating the boundary line, *does not exist*; the compilers of those maps having made geography subservient to the treaty—not the treaty to geography. But there are highlands—that is to say, land sufficiently elevated to divide rivers flowing in opposite directions—in two places, viz those on which the two parties have respectively affixed their lines of demarkation as described on the map; and the point at issue is, which were intended by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783. This point being ascertained, the whole line would be settled from the Atlantic ocean to the head waters of the Connecticut river, where there is a small piece of territory (about 200 square miles) in dispute, which neither party is very anxious about and could be easily disposed of. We shall state the arguments, as far as we know them, on both sides, which, for the sake of clearness, we shall arrange under two distinct heads. 1. The construction of the words of the treaty; and 2. The intent and meaning of the negotiators.

Upon the first head, the British commissioner contends, that the words stating, that the northwest angle of Nova Scotia shall be formed 'by a line drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the highlands,' mean the *first* highlands met with, and not the *second*, as contended for by the American commissioner. The American commissioner, on his part, asserts that as the words of the treaty designate highlands 'which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean,' the line must be carried on due north from the source of the river St. Croix until it comes to streams falling immediately into the St. Lawrence; whereas the streams arising to the north of the highlands fixed upon by the British commissioner—viz. the several branches of the St. John, the Restigouche, &c. do not flow to the St. Lawrence, but to the bay of Fundy and bay of Chaleur in the gulf of the St. Lawrence. To this the British commissioner replies, that by such a mode of reasoning the American commissioner would make, not only the bay of Fundy, but the gulf of St. Lawrence, and even the bay of Chaleur to mean the Atlantic ocean, a thing at variance with correct geographical distinctions, as well as with the words of the treaty;—that the bay of Fundy is contra-distinguished from the Atlantic ocean in the same treaty, where it speaks of the river St. Mary's in Florida, and of the river St. Croix 'from the points where they *respectively* touch the Atlantic ocean and the Bay of Fundy;—that the line thus drawn would cut off the whole of the upper part of the river St. John, and intercept the communication between the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the Canadas, which was never originally intended by either party;—that the highlands fixed upon by the British commissioner, commencing at Mars Hill, separate the Penobscot, the Kennebeck, and other rivers, which undoubtedly fall into the Atlantic, from those flowing in the opposite direction; and finally that, that part of the highlands where the two lines meet and both commissioners agree, is declared by surveyors to be a continuation of those highlands fixed on by the British commissioner, and which commence at Mars Hill.

On the 2d head—the intent and meaning of the negotiators of the treaty of 1783—the British commissioner seems quite conclusive. It will be seen by what we have just stated, and by referring to the map, that the line claimed by the American commissioner cuts off the whole of the upper part of the river St. John, with much adjoining territory. Now in the secret proceedings of Congress, (published at Boston a few years ago, by a resolution of Congress, and under the direction of the President of the United States,) it distinctly appears that the United States *renounced all claim to the river St. John*. In vol. 2, page 225, or thereabouts, are the following words:—

'August 14, 1779. Congress proceeded to the consideration of the instructions to the ministers to be appointed for negotiating a peace with Great Britain.' After other matter the instructions state:—

'The boundaries of these states are as follow, viz.' [Here the same line is described as in the definitive treaty of 1783, as far as the mouth of St. Mary's river in the Atlantic ocean, when the instructions proceed] 'and east by a line to be drawn along the middle of the St. John's river from its source to its mouth in the bay of Fundy,' [followed by this expression] 'if the same can be obtained from Great Britain.' On the 16th of August, 1782, another committee of Congress made a report for the use of the American commissioners, engaged in negotiating a treaty of peace, in which the fol-

lowing passage at page 180, vol. 2; occurs. 'It is to be observed that when the boundaries of the United States were declared to be an ultimatum, it was not thought advisable to continue the war merely to obtain territory as far as St. John's river.'

The Commissioners appointed under the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, dated in 1794, to examine and decide 'what river was truly intended under the name of the River St. Croix, mentioned in the Treaty of Peace of 1783, and forming a part of the boundary therein described,' considered it necessary to obtain from Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams, two of the Plenipotentiaries on the part of the United States who formed and executed the treaty of 1783, all the information in their power on the subject. Mr Adams, then President of the United States, was personally examined under oath by the Commissioners, at his seat at Braintree, and the second interrogation put, was, 'What rivers were claimed to, or talked of, by the Commissioners' (namely, who formed the treaty of 1783) 'on either side, as a proposed boundary, and for what reason?' *Answer*.—'The British Commissioners first claimed to Piscataqua river, then to Kennebec, then to Penobscot, and at length to St. Croix, as marked on Mitchell's map. One of the American Ministers at first proposed the river St. John, as marked on Mitchell's map; but his colleagues showing that, as the St. Croix was the river mentioned in the charter of Massachusetts's Bay, they could not justify insisting on the St. John as the ultimatum; he agreed with them to adhere to the charter of Massachusetts's Bay.'

The testimony of the late Mr. Adams conclusively shows, that it never was asked, or intended to be asked to extend the boundary beyond the middle of the river St. John, and that, even this was given up by the American government, the Congress and the negotiators of the treaty of 1783; yet the American Commissioner under the Treaty of Ghent, not only extends his claim to the river St. John, but goes beyond it, and demands a territory of 400 square miles over and above what the most sanguine leaders of the Revolution ever thought of stipulating for! Such a demand is totally out of the question; and it is clear, as proof can possibly make it, that whatever may be said of the British line, the American *cannot be the correct one*.

We have already alluded to acts of flagrant outrage committed at various times upon this frontier by the agents of the States of Maine and Massachusetts, and we published in No. 47, vol. 4, an Address from the Legislature of New-Brunswick to the King upon this subject. In that address it was stated:—

That in the year 1820 the Marshal of the District of Maine came across to the Madawaska settlement, and then and there took an enumeration of the inhabitants, and returned them as citizens of the United States. This settlement was made forty years ago by General Carleton, and the Province has always exercised the rights of sovereignty over it in every respect.

That in 1821, a senator of the state of Maine, professing to act as an agent to the government of that state, came into the province, seized and marked a quantity of timber on the river St. John, lying *within* the acknowledged boundary of Great Britain, on the plea of its having been cut within the disputed territory on the Restegouche; and induced the persons having possession of this timber to give their obligations to pay certain monies therefor to the state of Maine.

That in the year 1825, the states of Massachusetts and Maine proceeded to exercise rights of sovereignty over those settlements by granting licences for 100 acres of land to settlers, and that land agents came into the country in October last, and surveyed lots and granted deeds of the same.

That upon application of the government of the United States to the British government, to abstain from granting licenses for cutting timber on the disputed territory until the matter was finally settled, his Majesty's government immediately issued that order; which order was immediately reciprocated by the agents of Maine by granting licenses to cut timber.

That the agents for the state of Maine endeavoured to dissuade the people of the Madawaska settlement from attending a military training under the laws of the province, and offered to pay their fines should they be exacted by the proper authorities; and otherwise attempted to seduce them from their allegiance to their sovereign.

Many other acts are enumerated in the same address, equally improper and illegal, particularly when it is considered that those settlements are, and always have been, really and truly British, and the territory adjacent in the actual possession of his Majesty. Every act of sovereignty or jurisdiction on the part of the United States should undoubtedly be deferred until the matter is definitely settled between the two governments, and we believe the necessary steps have been taken by the general government at Washington to prevent a recurrence of similar proceedings. We have been induced to make this exposition of facts with the view of bringing the subject before the people of the United States, among whom there is too much good sense and moderation to give countenance to such improper acts. We well know the loose state of things on remote frontiers, and the description of people that generally inhabit them, and can therefore, as we now do, make a proper distinction between such and the more enlightened part of the people. We believe that we have been accurate in our statements, but shall be happy to be corrected if it should be otherwise. The whole question is now before the two governments as one of specific negotiation, and we trust that Mr. Canning and Mr. Gallatin will soon bring it to a conclusion satisfactory to all parties.

The Upper Missouri.

THERE is perhaps, no portion of the West that shares more largely on the bounties of nature than the extensive region familiarly termed the "Upper Missouri." We are certain that none has ever sprung more rapidly into civilized life, or made more rapid strides in moral, agricultural and Commercial improvement. One vast and flourishing community now overspreads the wide fertile plains on both sides of the Missouri river. They are a plain unostentatious but high spirited people—the same in feelings and pursuits. They are bound together by indissoluble ties—by an interest 'one and indivisible.'

Innumerable towns and villages are rising up amid surrounding fields and blooming meadows, the abodes of a prosperous and happy people to decorate and cheer the once trackless plain of interminable gloom. Literature has usurped the dominion of the savage, and substituted the village hymn for the frantic jargon of the war-dance. 'The dairy maid hails the "rosate blush of morn"' with her early melodies, the ploughman sings, the dove coos, and the partridge, whistles on the same spot where,

"Fifty years ago, our fathers fought,
And wild in the woods the noble savage ran."

Commerce is spreading all its ramifications over our extensive borders—whitening and enlivening the shores of the bold and turbulent Missouri from the mouth to Yellow Stone. Manufacturers have already commenced their operations upon the inexhaustable store of material, which is supplied by the bounteous hand of nature, and the grateful exuberances of our soil.

There is something pleasing in the contemplation of the moral grandeur of our country. It stimulates the patriots zeal—nerves the warrior's arm—and burns upon the orator's tongue—and in meditating upon the delightful theme the philosopher will find himself unconsciously breathing the brilliant apostrophe—

"Far as beneath the Heavens, by sea-winds fann'd
There float the banners of our NATIVE LAND."